

The Tragedie

Come shall we goe along?

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with the Lord Rivers,  
Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.*

*Rat.* Come bring forth the prisoners.

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this:  
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,  
For truth, for dutie, and for loyaltie.

*Gray.* God keepe the prince from all the pack of you:  
A knor you are of damned blood suckers.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret. Oh thou bloudie prison,  
Fatall and ominous to noble Peeres:  
Within the guiltie closure of thy walles  
Richard the second here was hackt to death:  
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,  
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.

*Gray.* Now Margarets curse is false vpon our heads,  
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

*Ri.* Then curst the Hastings, then curst the Buckingham,  
Then curst the Richard. Oh remember God,  
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,  
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:  
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,  
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

*Riv.* Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace  
And take our leaue, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lords to counsell.*

*Hast.* My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,  
Is to determine of the coronation:  
In Gods name say, when is this royall day?

*Buc.* Are all things fitting for that royall time?

*Dar.* It is, and let but nomination.

*Bish.* To morrow then, I guesse a happie time.

*Buc.* Who knowes the Lord Protectors minde herein?  
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? *(his mind.)*

*Bi.* Why you my Lo: me thinks you should soonest know

*Buc.* Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:  
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,  
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine.

Lord

of Richard the third.

Lord Hastings, you and he are neare in loue.

*Hast.* I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:  
But for his purpose in the coronation  
I haue not founded him, nor he deliuered  
His graces pleasure any way therein:  
But you my L. may name the time,  
And in the Dukes behalfe ile giue my voice,  
Which I presume he will take in gentle part.

*Bish.* Now in good time here comes the Duke him selfe.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* My noble L. and cousens all good morrow,  
I haue bene long a sleeper, but now I hope  
My absence doth neglect no great designs,  
Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.

*Buc.* Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,  
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your part:  
I meane your voice for crowning of the king.

*Glo.* Then my L. Hastings, no man might be bolder,  
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

*Hast.* I thanke your grace.

*Glo.* My Lord of Elie.

*Bish.* My Lord.

*Glo.* When I was last in Holborne,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there,  
I do beseech you send for some of them.

*Bish.* I goe my Lord.

*Glo.* Cousen Buckingham, a word with you:  
Catesby hath founded Hastings in our businesse,  
And findes the testy gentleman so hore,  
As he will loose his head are giue consent,  
His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,  
Shall loose the royaltie of Englands throane.

*Buc.* Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

*Dar.* We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph,  
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:  
For I my selfe am not so well provided,  
As else I would be were the day prolonged.

*Enter the Bishop of Ely.*

*Bi.* Where is my L. Protector, I haue sent for these straw-  
berries.

*Hast.*